

## Where I'm From

*Jane McCord*

I come from growing up in a house  
in the late 50s and early 60s  
across the street from the state capitol building.  
I come from pride knowing that my grandfather  
helped build the capitol.  
I come from jumping up Abraham Lincoln's statue  
in the rotunda to rub his gold foot  
so my wishes would come true.  
I'm from having a crush on a tour guide  
who I followed around so often  
I could recite the tour myself.  
I come from crawling through underground tunnels  
when Governor Bert Combs' floral clock was being built.  
Once completed, I'm from regularly disagreeing with him  
about which gold fish was the largest in the clock's pool.  
I come from checking ashtrays through the capitol  
hallways for long filtered butts to smoke  
with my friends down on the river bank.  
I'm from learning how to sneak up to the dome  
through a window in the House of Representatives  
or picking the lock on a Senate chamber door.  
I'm from nearly getting caught by the guards  
when taking Mary Fran Breathitt to the dome  
at her request shortly after her dad became governor.  
As Alzheimer's was starting to tear away my mother's brain,  
I'm from hearing her repeatedly say,  
"As long as I can see that capitol dome, I know I'm okay."  
I understand now.